April 1917

THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO MEMBER-SUBSCRIBERS

Those charged with the duties of assembling and editing this magazine each month, in their desire to improve the publication and also the system of furnishing it to the Red Cross member-subscribers, decided to advance the date of this number one month. The March number has been omitted but in its stead and at the same time that the regular March number would have appeared, we herewith deliver to you the April number. This does not mean that you are to be deprived of a number. Members entitled to receive the magazine will receive their twelve numbers in a year just as if the dates had not been advanced. For instance, if your membership should expire with the December, 1917, RED CROSS MAGAZINE, you will be sent the January, 1918, number. But you will receive that January, 1918, magazine about the same time that you otherwise would receive the December number, and the December number will reach you about the time the November issue would be received, and so on back to March.

The change is simply in the date and is prompted by a desire to get the magazine to you a little early rather than a little late, as has been the case.

Remember this statement: You will receive twelve copies of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE within a year.

THE Red Cross Magazine

The official publication of the American Red Cross

HON. WOODROW WILSON, President HON. WM. H. TAFT, Chairman ELIOT WADSWORTH, Acting Chairman

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PERHAPS HE WILL SERVE AT HOME

Great emergencies develop great characters. The plight of Belgium revealed to the world—did not make, but merely revealed!—Herbert Clark Hoover, multi-millionaire mine owner and consulting engineer, clean and straight, with a marvelous adept at bringing order out of chaos—at setting things right where they are all wrong—and, in a word, an organizing genius with a profoundly sympathetic regard for the well being of the human race. He has produced before the eyes of the nations a wonderful model of philanthropic efficiency—the Commission for Relief of Belgium, of which he is Chairman. The story of this commission's operations for humanity must be told in figures that are incomprehensible to persons far from its field. It has expended $250,000,000 in cash; 10,000,000 Belgians have been fed and clothed since the outbreak of the Great War. Mr. Hoover recently came back to America. If, because of conditions beyond his control, he is unable to return to Belgium, will there not be a big niche—it would have to be a big one—which he could be induced to fill for his own United States?

Native of Iowa, graduate of Leland Stanford University, consulting mining engineer, mine operator, employer of 125,000 men located throughout the world, Herbert Clark Hoover, at forty-two years of age, is a great American

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The
RED CROSS
MAGAZINE

VOLUME TWELVE APRIL, 1917 NUMBER THREE

MOBILIZING THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

ON FEBRUARY 9th, one week after the break with Germany, Mr. Eliot Wadsworth, Acting Chairman of the American Red Cross, made the following statement at headquarters, in Washington:

No national emergency has ever found the Red Cross better prepared than it is to-day. Even without an actual declaration of war, there is bound to be an enormous strain upon every department. But we find now the full benefit of the plans we have been preparing for years past.

For example, it is quite possible that the Government will raise at once a large volunteer army. Our experience with the recent mobilization of the National Guard shows that caring for the dependent families of soldiers imposes a heavy burden on the Department of Civilian Relief. The Director General of that Department, Mr. Bicknell, tells me that if the country undertakes a really extensive mobilization, the Red Cross must be ready to spend, if necessary, several hundred thousand dollars a month upon dependent families alone.

The States and all large cities have hitherto taken a considerable share of this burden because the National Guard is conspicuously an institution of the States. We might not have the same support for a strictly national army, such as the present crisis may demand; and we do not yet know how effectively the Government might be able to meet these needs, at least during the first emergency.

In other words, the Civilian Relief Department might need several million dollars in the first year for one branch only of its extensive work. It will still have to care for the victims of flood, fire, explosion, or troubled conditions along the Mexican border. The machinery for distributing all funds, however, has been prepared for many years past.

Should a more serious crisis develop—that is, if the United States should be drawn into war—a similar and even heavier burden would be imposed upon the other departments of the Red Cross. Colonel Kean, as you know, has done wonderful work during the last year in organizing base hospitals. Let me explain that a base hospital is not a mere collection of skilled physicians, nurses, and modern equipment. Red Cross base hospitals, of which the first, the Cleveland unit, was mobilized in

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Philadelphia very recently and with marked success, are in every sense of the word units. They take over the staff of a large hospital already trained to work in harmony and with the least possible friction and misunderstanding.

About twenty of these base hospitals are actually organized to-day, and more will ultimately be organized. The Government will, of course, take over these hospitals in case of actual war, but, until then, the Red Cross must pay for their equipment and all incidental expenses. One base hospital costs just about twenty-five thousand dollars, not including dressings and hospital garments. To complete the program already mapped out will require between $300,000 and $400,000. I need hardly point out that no measure of national preparedness is more important than this.

Now a word as to our nursing organization, of which Miss Delano is in general charge. We receive hundreds of inquiries about this service. The crisis of the last few days has fairly swamped us with offers of service and coöperation of every sort. But what I wish to emphasize is the organization we have already perfected without the stimulus of immediate danger. Forty-four States are now carefully organized, with a total of 115 special committees.

Seven hundred and fifty-five nurses are already serving on these committees—I mean nurses of the highest caliber, many of them in charge of training schools and hospitals. In our twenty-six army and navy base hospital units, provision is made for 1,250 nurses and 599 nurses' aids. The organization of this personnel is completed. They have taken physical examinations, are receiving immunity treatment for typhoid fever, and could be mobilized within a very few days. These base hospital units carry a reserve of 415 nurses and 525 nurses' aids. Then we have thirty-one navy detachments of 20 nurses each, in process of organization, and each of the 115 local committees on nursing service has been made responsible for the organization of at least one emergency detachment of nurses whom we can assign to any field in which they are most needed. We have issued Red Cross certificates in Elementary Hygiene and Home Care of the Sick to 4,450 women and are now instructing about 2,100 more, with new classes constantly forming.

Let me summarize this: Miss Delano informs me that on first call we could mobilize 2,970 Red Cross nurses. Estimating that only 30 per cent. of those to whom we have given elementary instruction, and who are not already assigned, would be available to assist the nurses, we would have 1,629 nurses' aids, or a total of approximately 5,000 nursing personnel. With the customary assignment of ten patients to each nurse, we could thus take care of fifty thousand sick and wounded at once. In the earlier stages of war, the proportion of sick and wounded is about five per cent. In other words, we are prepared to-day to give expert nursing service to an army of one million men.

We have, besides, more than 120 expert instructors in surgical dressings, and we have issued certificates to 521 women, many of whom are undoubtedly competent themselves to become instructors. We have carefully standardized the work of surgical dressings ever since Decem-

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ber, 1914, when, after diligent experiment, we found the kind of dressings and hospital supplies which gave the most universal satisfaction in Europe. In fact, in the two years of war since then, we have had to change hardly a single item in our list of standard surgical dressings. Here, again, we are ready to show the results of effective preparedness.

This work, of course, demands extensive funds. Fortunately, this crisis finds us permanently established in our new Memorial Building, which, as you know, was the gift of Congress and several patriotic citizens. The astounding jump in membership during the last year from 28,000 to more than 280,000, assures us a strong nucleus of financial support. Judging from the response to the telegram I sent out February 3rd to our 267 local chapters, I anticipate at least a doubling of our membership in the next month. Within forty-eight hours, 100 chapters had their responses on my desk, all of them indicating the greatest enthusiasm for the immediate work of extension. Responses from the more distant chapters are coming in every hour. I need hardly say how encouraging we find this exhibition of really constructive patriotism. Like every large organization, we have met occasional criticism, both helpful and otherwise. The present crisis is our real test, and the zeal with which persons on every hand are working for us to-day gives us the most heartfelt satisfaction and inspires our most sincere gratitude. Let me take this occasion to thank our thousands of members for the noble work they are doing.

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE BREAK CAME

HOW OUR RED CROSS WAS MOBILIZED

BY

EDWARD EYRE HUNT

(Formerly Antwerp delegate of the American Committee for Relief in Belgium; author "War Bread" and numerous articles on the war)

FEBRUARY third was one of the coldest days of the year in Washington. The magnificent new Red Cross building on Seventeenth Street was like an ice-box. Mr. Eliot Wadsworth, the Vice-Chairman, and his assistants had moved into it only the day before; the marble halls were littered with scaffoldings, the floors were bare, desks and chairs were being uncrated for the waiting staff of clerks, and workmen in overalls with long ladders and paint-pots, hammers, saws, and screwdrivers stalked in and out of the private offices where momentous conferences were going on, trying to make the place habitable. It was as chilly a "house warming" as Washington has ever known, and through it all the stenographers sat huddled up in overcoats and sweaters, tapping the icy keys of their typewriters, and from time to time Western Union and Postal Telegraph messenger boys ran shivering in from the outer cold, bringing new telegrams and special delivery letters to the half-frozen officers of our national relief organization.

During those bitter cold hours on Saturday afternoon, February third, President Wilson was breaking off diplomatic relations with Germany, Ambassador von Bernstorff had received his passports, the President addressed the House and Senate, and the Red Cross was preparing for the task of its life—the mobilization of all its resources, human and financial, to care for our sailors and soldiers at their posts and for those who would be left at home dependent, should the United States go to war.

"It was easy," one of the clerks told me,

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evidently astonished that I should be interested in knowing how the Red Cross conducted itself on that historic day. "Mr. Wadsworth just called a conference of heads of departments and bureaus — Colonel Kean, Mr. Bicknell, Mr. Wells, Miss Delano, and others — and they drafted a telegram to all the Red Cross chapters in the United States, and we sent it off. That was all."

"Was that really all?"

"Yes, that was all — except that it was a very cold day. . . . Here's the telegram we sent."

I glanced over a typewritten sheet in which the following cryptic references occurred:

If not already active appoint following committees finance hospital garments and surgical supplies comfort bags *see circular one twenty six* packing and shipping publicity and information motor service appoint committee on coöperation with outside organizations. . . . If not already done appoint committees on education outlined in *circular one forty-four*. . . . Possibility of organizing sanitary training detachments should be taken up at once see *circular one thirty-six*.

That telegram gave it all away. The reason why the mobilization of the Red Cross was done without fuss and flurry was because the fussing and flurrying had been condensed into circulars one twenty-six, one forty-four, and one thirty-six.

They say that when the Franco-Prussian War began, General von Moltke was awakened late at night by an orderly who reported that the Emperor had ordered the mobilization. The General rolled out of bed, jerked open a cabinet, seized a bundle of dispatches, handed them to his orderly, and then slipped back between the sheets and went to sleep, with no more worry regarding the preliminaries of war. Von Moltke had prepared his plans a long time ahead: so did the Red Cross.

But, unlike General von Moltke, the Red Cross did not turn over and go to sleep after sending out its dispatches. No one but Jack Frost could possibly sleep in the arctic air of that massive new building on the edge of the Potomac, but there were other reasons why the staff stayed at work long after the normal hours for closing, and why it worked all day Sunday. Saturday afternoon the answers to Mr. Wadsworth's telegram to the chapters began pouring into Washington. All day Sunday they came, and the entire office force was busy answering queries, recording dispatches that the chapters were already at work, and planning new steps of the mobilization. By Monday, the tide of answers was at flood-mark; by Tuesday, it was record breaking. From every nook and cranny of the nation came the replies.

THE ACTIVE EXECUTIVE HEAD OF THE RED CROSS

Mr. Eliot Wadsworth, Acting Chairman of the Central Committee of the Red Cross, who was snapshotted while talking to Miss Jane A. Delano, Chairman of the National Committee on Red Cross Nursing Service, at a recent base hospital mobilization, makes the statement that the Red Cross could mobilize a nursing force for an army of a million men in a few days

Burlington, Vermont — shades of Molly Stark! — wired, "Vermont is organized and always ready to do her share in a national crisis!"

Plymouth, Massachusetts — "stern and rock-bound" as ever — said, "You may be sure that if occasion arises Plymouth will do its share as it has always done in the past."

Toledo, Ohio—home of Brand Whitlock, our Minister to Belgium—telegraphed, "Women of Toledo will rally to support of Red Cross chapter and will measure up to full duty required of them."

Princeton, New Jersey—President Wilson's home where he goes back to vote as a private

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Photograph by American Press Asso.

SCENE IN A NEW YORK RED CROSS BRANCH

In response to telegraphic instructions from Red Cross Headquarters in Washington, and even in advance of formal notice, Red Cross chapters in many parts of the country got busy in anticipation of the hospital needs of our armed forces in the event of serious trouble.

Photograph by Brown Bros.

THE BUSH TERMINAL, RED CROSS WAREHOUSE

Every conceivable kind of war-relief article, destined for all parts of the world, have been handled through the Bush Terminal Station of the Red Cross in Brooklyn. Since the outbreak of the European War these spacious quarters have been donated to the Red Cross by Mr. Irving T. Bush

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FISSURES INVITE THE DREADED OVERFLOW

Far beneath the ice is running water. When the ice cracks this water is forced upward through the openings, and there is a temporary overflow. To step in this and get one's feet wet in most cases means they will freeze. The light sled used by this Signal Corps man is the kind in which Old Monte and Trapper Myers were rescued

Photograph by the Signal Corps

BRAVE DEEDS OF OUR ARCTIC

When the Sign'l boys is out
With their skookum malamutes
A-huntin' for a musher what is froze,
It's a ten-to-one, about,
That they'll find him, them galoots,
And rub him till his freezin' is unfroze.
—*Tribute of the Sourdough Miner.*

IN THE dreary, isolated region of Lake Minto, twenty miles or more across country from the Tanana-Fairbanks trail, a solitary trapper was struggling through deep, fluffy snow. He was bronzed and bearded and almost hidden by his dogskin cap and parka. His snowshoes did not keep him from floundering, for now and then he stepped on a buried stump or a boulder, and over he would go. Mushing was hard and it was bitterly cold. There was a cabin he knew of near the lake, so he headed for it to eat a bite from his pack and to rest. He understood Old Monte, a woodcutter, lived in this cabin. Monte would welcome him surely—would welcome any company, for few travelers passed that way. As he approached the cabin the trapper became depressed. A bent black chimney which protruded from the roof as from a snowbank gave forth no smoke. Snow had drifted several feet high about the door which was slightly ajar.

"Vacated!" grunted the trapper. He kicked through the drift and, pushing against the door, stumbled into the dark interior. The white sheen outside had made it difficult for him to accustom his eyes at once to the blackness inside, despite the light from one small window high up under the rafters. He struck a match. As the match flared he was startled by a moan. The match was dropped.

"My God! Who sent you? How did you know?"

This came in a frenzied voice from some one on a bunk which appeared now to be built carpenter fashion in a corner of the shack.

"Who is it?—Monte?" asked the trapper, striking another match.

"Yes," was the answer, "but how did you know? Who sent you?"

"Just happened along. What's wrong?"

"Both legs frozen. Can't move. Got my feet wet in an overflow night before last. Been here since yesterday morning. Get me to Fairbanks quick—to a hospital—to a doctor. Oh, I'm done for!—I'm done for!—I'm done for!"

. . . . . .

The telegraph instrument in the Fort Gibbon station of the United States Signal Corps, at

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A MODERN FOUR-HORSE ALASKA STAGE

The entire 360 miles of the Fairbanks-Valdez route is not covered in this comfortable fashion Many miles have to be traversed in caravan style in two-person sleds The baby, wearing a genuine Arctic rabbit-skin parka, was kept snug and warm all the way. The log building served as hotel, store, and post office, and is at Copper Centre

Photograph by the author

SIGNAL CORPS By AUSTIN CUNNINGHAM

the junction of the Tanana and Yukon Rivers, began rattling in a lively manner about 8 o'clock in the evening of that same February day. Minto Station, ninety miles away on the Government mail-trail, was doing "string talk," as the Indians call telegraphing. And it was talking in earnest. Corporal Roy F. Cox, operator in charge at Minto, was at the key. The call was this: Cox desires authority from Captain Clifton, Signal Officer in charge at Fort Gibbon, to go to the aid of one Monte, a woodchopper, having both legs frozen, and helpless in a cabin on Minto Lake. Bill Hammes, proprietor of the Minto Roadhouse, twelve miles away, had mushed to the station to report that a trapper, who was "all in," had reached his place several hours before with the story of Monte's condition. The nearest help with dogteam was at the telegraph station, and Hammes had snowshoed in the darkness the dozen miles to report in turn the trapper's report. Could Cox go—and with the dogs? He could. In reviewing the case later for the Chief Signal Officer at Seattle, the headquarters of the Department of the Columbia, Captain Clifton said Cox was "the best fitted of the men at the station" for the thirty-mile battle against drifting snow and stinging cold—twelve miles to the roadhouse, thence eighteen miles to Lake Minto.

Early the following morning, with the dog team and a light "double-ender" sled filled with furry robes and containing the Northerner's first-aid kit, Cox and Hammes left the station. The wind rose, and soon was sweeping across the limitless waste of snow with the menacing characteristics of a coming blizzard. The roadhouse was reached by noon, and there the trapper, who had had a night's rest, volunteered to guide Cox to Monte's cabin. The two men set out across trackless flats, breaking trail in the face of the high wind. Only the man who has done it can appreciate the hardship of trail-breaking in deep snow and rough country. On a travel-packed trail in moderate weather the musher may run with the dogs, and cover ground rapidly with but little fatigue. In the open country and in flats especially where stocky shrubs, stumps of trees, great stones, and sink-holes are obscured, the traveler and his dogs have heavy and even dangerous going. But regardless of these trials, the intense cold, and the ripping wind, Cox and the trapper and the dogs reached the lonely log hut of Old Monte by seven o'clock in the evening, thirty miles by zig-zag route from the telegraph station, the

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last four and a half hours of traveling having been in darkness.

Monte was found as the trapper had left him, on his back and alive. But he was suffering all the mental and physical agonies that may be concentered in one human being, and had not slept for fifty-six hours. Cox at once administered a laxative and morphine. As the old man fell into a forced and much-needed sleep the rescuers set about dressing the frozen limbs. A frozen limb is like an arm or a leg sawed off a stone statue. It is dead, petrified. The blood in it has congealed, and stands clogging the veins. Attempts to thaw and revivify the frozen part are excruciatingly painful both to the patient and the person who gives the treatment, for the frozen part should be kept in and be constantly rubbed in ice water. Where kerosene is available the frozen member is first plunged into it. Even the most persevering efforts to restore circulation are often unavailing unless begun immediately after the freezing, except insofar as the frozen area is kept from extending to or mortifying adjacent flesh.

Cox did as many of these things as he could for the old woodsman, and at an early hour the next morning, beneath fading northern lights, he started with his patient for the Fairbanks trail. Poor Monte was packed in the low-running sled like a corpse; was buried deep in the robes, and strapped to the sled, for the same rough, trailless stretch of country covered the day before by Cox and the trapper had to be traversed again.

I shall not attempt to describe in detail the race to save Monte's legs and perhaps his life, but it is not hard to imagine what an ordeal it must have been for him, a man of 64 years, bumping about with the sled and traveling as fast as the mushers and the dogs could run. The eighteen miles to the road house were made by mid-afternoon. There Monte was again treated and given a night of morphia-induced slumber. The following morning, Cox alone started with Monte for Fairbanks, forty-seven miles to the southeast. Forty of the forty-seven miles were covered that day. A blizzard which swept down the telegraph lines just missed them on the north. A stop for the second night from the cabin was made at Esther Creek Roadhouse, where Monte was again treated. By nine o'clock the following morning the little party had made the remaining seven miles to Fairbanks, and Old Monte was

Photograph by Cantwell

IT IS A CLIMB OF 7,000 FEET TO THIS GAP

Thompson Pass, among the peaks of the Chugach Mountains, is a point on the Government trail from Fairbanks, in the interior, to Valdez, on the southern coast of Alaska. A telegraph line parallels this tortuous path which is 360 miles long, and it is one of the Signal Corps' tasks to keep this line in working order throughout the long winter

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being given the best surgical and nursing care which St. Matthew's Mission Hospital could provide. Despite the painstaking care bestowed on him by Corporal Cox, Monte had to lose both feet—they were amputated. But he lived.

I wish I knew the name of the trapper who chanced upon Old Monte in his plight—yes, and the names of the half-dozen sturdy dogs of Cox's team—dogs that are in the service of the United States Government and that aided valiantly in extending the humanitarian arm of Uncle Sam to the rescue of one of his lowliest citizens. They deserve a record of honor.

Among the Signal men doing service on the Mexican border to-day is Sergeant James E. Hogan. If this Jimmy Hogan should return to those parts of Subarctic Alaska where he was stationed for several winters, he would be received with perhaps as much ceremony as would the Governor of Alaska, and there would be less formality and more spontaneous enjoyment in his reception. I doubt not but that the Indians would want to give something akin to a "potlatch" festival in his honor and would hold it at a point which is proud to be named for the Sergeant—at Hogan, Alaska, some one hundred and sixty miles east of that

Photograph by Huey

ICE HUMMOCKS IN BERING SEA

One of the most powerful radio stations operated by the Government in the North is at Nome, on Seward Peninsula, which juts out into Bering Sea. Nome is ice-bound most of the winter, and travel far out on the face of the sea is possible. This ocean of ice "works" and huge blocks of ice are pushed up by submarine forces

But if Old Monte is living—and he was a rugged man—he is cherishing in his memory the names of Cox, of the trapper who just happened along, and also of the dogs. Within a few weeks, the President of the United States learned of Corporal Cox's exploit and awarded him a certificate of merit, which is not only a most distinguished honor but carries with it an increase in pay. The enterprising enlisted man was especially commended for his sensible measures in relieving the woodcutter when he first reached his bunk, as well as for daring and perseverance in getting him speedily into expert medical hands.

everlasting landmark, Mount McKinley. And a potlatch may be called "an ornate occasion." There is feasting and dancing, and not infrequently some rich old Indian will give most of his earthly possessions away.

"For judgment and energy displayed in bringing three enlisted men with badly frozen feet over a dangerous trail from Summit to North Fork, Alaska," Sergeant Hogan has among his personal treasures a certificate of merit from the President of the United States. The Sergeant and his men were on line-repair duty. There were six in the party, the Sergeant

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Photograph by Cantwell

THERE ARE GARDENS IN VALDEZ IN SUMMER

But massive layers of snow almost obscure the town in winter. Valdez is the southern terminus of the most important winter trail to the interior of Alaska—"the most important" until the Government railroad is completed

and five privates. They were working out of Fort Egbert, near the Alaskan-Canadian boundary, and in the valley of the Upper Yukon. It was in January, and so cold that they had to take care not to frost-burn their lungs by over-exertion. Swanson, McKenna, and Hoff unluckily stepped into an overflow while separated from Hogan and suffered their feet to freeze. It may seem strange to the uninitiated, that there could be running water at such a time and in such a place, but the colder the weather the more numerous are the overflows, for this reason: Winter trails in the North lead over the faces of rivers and lakes. The ice is so thick that it could bear the weight of a freight train, but in deep bodies of water it rarely extends to the bottom. When the temperature drops to from 40 to 75 degrees below zero, the pressure of the cold is so great that the thickest of ice will crack and then shift or settle. When this happens, the unfrozen water beneath is forced through the fissures to the surface. This makes an overflow. It quickly acquires a crust of ice which remains thin for a time but looks exactly like the thick ice. To break through one of these crusts and get one's feet instantly soaked by the running water under it, particularly when many miles from a habitation of any kind, will throw even some hardened old-timers into a panic. I have a good friend in Alaska, a graduate of Harvard and a profound scholar, who, while traveling with a costly outfit and dogteam over a well-beaten trail, suddenly broke through the ice and had his legs wetted nearly to the knees. As he was but a few miles from a roadhouse, he did not pause a fraction of a second, but abandoned everything and ran the entire distance to it. Long before he reached the haven of relief, his legs were precisely like stilts—absolutely dead as to feeling and stiff enough to jar him at each step. But with all the energy he could muster he made the roadhouse in an hour or so; and his legs were successfully thawed, during which process he suffered unspeakable tortures.

Hogan's party was perhaps fifty miles from Fort Egbert when the three privates had their feet frozen. The injured feet were dressed and the three men put in dog sleds. Fate seemed against them. They broke into overflow after overflow. Each time Hogan and the other men—Baxley and Genoway—would have to remove their socks -the musher carries several pairs for such emergencies—rub their bare feet with snow, and put on dry socks. Traveling was exasperatingly slow because of the frequency of overflows and the occasional necessity of building a fire. Finally the hope of all, all but Hogan, it appears, was crushed. They plunged into a deep overflow that threatened to wash into the sleds and wet the bodies of the injured privates. The dogs had to be taken out of the sleds and the sleds containing the three men carried like stretchers out of the water by the three who could walk. These three of course got their feet wet again, and dry socks were scarce. Hogan kindled a fire, changed his footwear, and aided Baxley and Genoway to do the same. They had but started on their way from this point when another overflow was encountered. Now came a test of perseverance and will power. All footwear was soon wet. Overflows seemed to come in series. The sleds were being caked with new

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Photograph by the Signal Corps

LOST IN A BLIZZARD—AND FROZEN TO DEATH

"I enclose herein the kodak of the victim picked up in March, within 500 yards of the roadhouse door We knew he was lost and we had searching parties out for him for hours, but without success. I was in the storm myself and had the dogs of my team blown away and lost for nearly two hours"

ice. The men were weary of unhitching and hitching the dogs, carrying the sleds, drying their footwear before fires, only to have to do these things again a few minutes later. Two of the men lost their grip—wanted to stop. Hogan insisted that they try to reach a cabin eight miles away, as he did not want Swanson, McKenna, and Hoff to remain out in the cold. At nightfall all broke through another overflow. This decided the question of halting. A huge fire was built and camp made for the night *à la* Siwash. Hogan superintended the changing of footwear. The trouser-legs and socks of Baxley and Genoway were so caked together with ice that the socks, heavy affairs which extend to the knees, could not be removed. The Sergeant cut off the trousers at the knees, and saved their legs from freezing. They were frost bitten, nevertheless. Hogan kept Swanson, McKenna, and Hoff packed in the sleds and spent most of the night replenishing the fire and treating the frozen feet and frost-bitten legs of his five men.

The following morning Hogan, Genoway, and Baxley were compelled to break trail for about a mile to avoid a bad overflow. Most of this day the little spirit thermometers on the sleds showed the temperature to be between 40 and 50 degrees below zero. Matlock Cabin was reached by nightfall, after more overflow experiences. The dogged perseverance and optimism of Hogan were all that held the party together, for overflows continued to be met. Another night was spent in the open with practically no sleep for anybody. When within six miles of North Fork, Hogan allowed McKenna, whose feet were not as badly frozen as Swanson's and Hoff's to go ahead for help, and camp was made. The other men were so exhausted that they were almost as incapacitated as the frozen men. McKenna covered the six miles at length and got help promptly A Government packer and a prospector, with fresh teams, went to Hogan's assistance, and by the time the five men reached North Fork, the post surgeon from Fort Egbert was there to meet them. The surgeon was Lieutenant Bosley, who later made an affidavit for the War Department, saying in substance:

"With no other dressing than first aid packets and by personally and carefully cleaning and redressing the frozen feet each evening, Hogan managed to keep the men in such good shape that their limbs could be saved by proper medical attention later. Nothing short of constant care, exertion, and disregard of personal risk could have accomplished it, for the difficulties were extreme and the temperature was constantly in the neighborhood of 40 and 50 degrees below zero."

Standing orders of the military authorities are that none but the most urgent work shall be done out of doors when the weather is 40 degrees below, and this is for man and beast, for great exertion and consequent heavy breathing in such temperature causes the lungs to be frost-burned and so weakens them that pneumonia or more fatal pulmonary trouble in a majority of cases will come in the following winter.

In the late evening of a January day on which the mean temperature had been about 45 degrees below zero, a mere boy of a trapper named Myers—he was scarcely twenty—pounded on the storm door of the Minto Station whence, about a year before, Corporal Cox had

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Photograph by the Signal Corps

LOGHOUSES ARE BUILT FOR OUTLYING STATIONS

In lonely spots, far from a public trail, are located many of the Signal or Government telegraph stations in Alaska. Some 200 men of the Service live in these stations the year round to keep the lines in repair, to relay messages, and to operate the wireless apparatus. Occasionally they perform heroic rescues of frozen men. This is the old Nulato Station

gone to the rescue of Old Monte. New men, but men of the same dauntless courage and fine caliber as Cox, were stationed there. The door was opened and Myers walked in. His feet resounded on the floor like wooden blocks. "Feet frozen," he gasped, and sank to the floor exhausted. He had stepped into a snow-covered warm spring four hours before and at a point eight miles distant. He first ran to some woods to get fuel for a fire. He removed his gloves to make the fire and his hands were frostbitten in the effort, which failed. Then he started for Minto and could only maintain an erect position by walking off trail in deep snow. The snow braced and steadied his legs.

The boys at Minto were all privates, with First Class Private Chester T. Spencer, operator, in charge. They at once went to work on Myers' feet. Fairbanks, district headquarters, was communicated with. Lieutenant Lewis, Signal Officer in charge of the district, got a surgeon to the wire and he dictated to a Fairbanks operator specific instructions to Spencer as to the care of Myers. Spencer volunteered to start toward Fairbanks with Myers and the station dog team the next morning. He was authorized to do so. There is no fund for expenses of the kind but red tape for the nonce was cast to the winds. Government administrative authorities in Fairbanks were interested in the case, but they also had no fund they could draw on for the treatment of the luckless boy. It was nearly seventy

Photograph by Cantwell

TYPE OF SEWARD PENINSULA NATIVE

There is a Japanese strain in certain groups of natives, and some Russian blood In 1914, there were 27,356 Indians, Eskimos, and Aleutians in Alaska

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miles to Minto and unfair to make the Minto men and team travel all that distance. The United States Marshal, a Mr. Love, solved the Fairbanks end of it. He swore out a warrant for the arrest of Myers on a charge of vagrancy—purely as a means of solving the problem—and ordered a deputy marshal to start toward Minto, with a fast dogteam, at sunrise the following morning.

At Minto all hands took part in rubbing Myers' feet and hands in ice water—water with ice floating in it—but two men, especially Private Charles F. Todd, sat up all night with their patient. Todd kept his naked hands in ice water the greater part of the night—a painful, tedious, wearisome work—a self-inflicted torture, trying to revivify the frozen feet of a man he had never seen before. He was assisted in this by Private McLeod of the Nenana Station. While this treatment was in progress, Privates Spencer and Bert Anderson were sleeping, preparing themselves for the great physical strain which they would have to undergo on the morrow. At 5 o'clock in the morning, five hours before sunrise in that latitude, Spencer and Anderson started with Myers in a temperature that had a lung-bite in every deep breath. It was 58 degrees below zero! And yet these boys plowed through snow waist-deep to the winter stage-line, twelve miles away, and then traveled twenty-eight miles, or forty miles all told, before they met the deputy marshal. The meeting occurred at the Ohio Roadhouse, between twenty-five and thirty miles from Fairbanks.

I saw the arrival of Deputy Hanson, Myers, and the dogs in Fairbanks—specifically, in front of St. Matthew's Hospital. But like too many cases where treatment is not immediate—and these tragedies occur by the score every winter—Myers' feet had to be amputated at the ankles.

"Guess I would have been a 'goner' if it hadn't been for the boys," he said as he was convalescing. The miners later made up a fund which enabled him to return to his people in the States.

And Spencer, Anderson, and Todd, like Hogan and Cox, received the recognition from the President of the United States—a certificate of merit each.

It is difficult to discriminate in reviewing instances of bravery and self-sacrifice on the part of the men of the Signal Corps in our northernmost possession, for some two hundred are scattered throughout that vast land of unimagined resources, and it is not easy to forget that all of them lead the loneliest of lives—are swallowed up in the waste places or put on rarely visited headlands and desolate islands, for a period of years—are there to keep the lines in repair, to relay messages, and to operate the powerful radios. Their work from a scientific standpoint would furnish one of the most interesting chapters in the very interesting history of our Signal Corps, which, by the way, is the first telegraphic signal service to have been regularly established by any army.

If the personnel now on the muster rolls may be represented by the brave lads detailed for arctic service, we may well be elated over the caliber if not the number of the men. They are plain, everyday Americans; the type of our citizenship which furnishes much of the brawn, and some of its best brains; men who have had to work for a living from early boyhood, but who are generally endowed with such lofty traits of character and invaluable possessions as an inherent solicitude for the well-being of their fellow men, an abundance of common sense, and grit enough each for a regiment.

Photograph by the Signal Corps

A VETERAN IN THE SERVICE

All the markings of the full-blooded malamute are shown on this powerful sled dog, the oldest animal at one of the Yukon signal stations. He and his kind have suffered all that man has suffered in pioneer days in the North, have saved human life on countless occasions, and deserve more generous care than they sometimes receive when grown old, stiff in the joints, sore-footed, and toothless

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On the Battlefronts of Humanity

Copyright by Boston Photo News

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

FRENCHMAN BEFRIENDING A COMRADE

The first dressing of an injury is sometimes the step that saves a life. The upper picture shows the Red Cross flag flying on The Common, Boston, Mass

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RUSSIAN PEASANTS RESCUE AN OFFICER

There is work for trained and untrained hands alike in caring for the wounded after a battle. Peasant folk who have not had to flee assist in the great task of removing the wounded

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

GERMAN NAVAL STUDENTS LEARN FIRST AID

Every seaman must know how to resuscitate a person overcome in the water The principles of Red Cross treatment have been widely disseminated among all classes of fighting men

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Photograph by Press Illustrating Service

MAKING THE ROUND OF THE FRENCH SOMME TRENCHES

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

THE STRETCHER BEARERS OF SERBIA

Like Poland, Belgium, and Northern France, Serbia has been fought over until the effect is as if a giant harrow had been hauled back and forth across its surface

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Photograph by Central News Photo Co.

AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS REËNFORCEMENTS READY TO DEPART

Photograph by Central News Photo Co.

SCOTCH RED CROSS USES ANCIENT ABBEY

The beautiful old Abbey of Royamount, in France, built in 1226, and occupied until 1790, by the monks of Citeaux. M. Gouin, its owner, turned it over to the Scotch Branch of the British Red Cross

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Photograph by Boston Photo News

WAR ORPHANS AT NICE, MAKING MERRY BY THE SEA

Photograph by Boston Photo News

YOUTHFUL VICTIMS FROM SERBIA IN FRANCE

Efficient organizations which devote themselves to the care of war orphans from Serbia, in addition to those of France, are operating in the French Republic. Many Americans have contributed to the support of these orphanages

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Photograph by Boston Photo News

LITTLE ORPHANS OF NORTHERN FRANCE EN ROUTE SOUTH

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GERMANY'S YOUNG WAR SUFFERERS

The Central Powers have a thorough system of public nurseries not only for war orphans and fatherless children, but for the children of mothers who are at work There are many thousands of dependent little ones in all the nations at war

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Photograph by Pach Photo News.

IN THE ENTENTE ALLIES' CAMP AT SALONICA

An Egyptian with his first-aid kit before him at work on the minor injuries of a cosmopolitan group of soldiers. Nearly every color, race, and religion is represented in this Allied army

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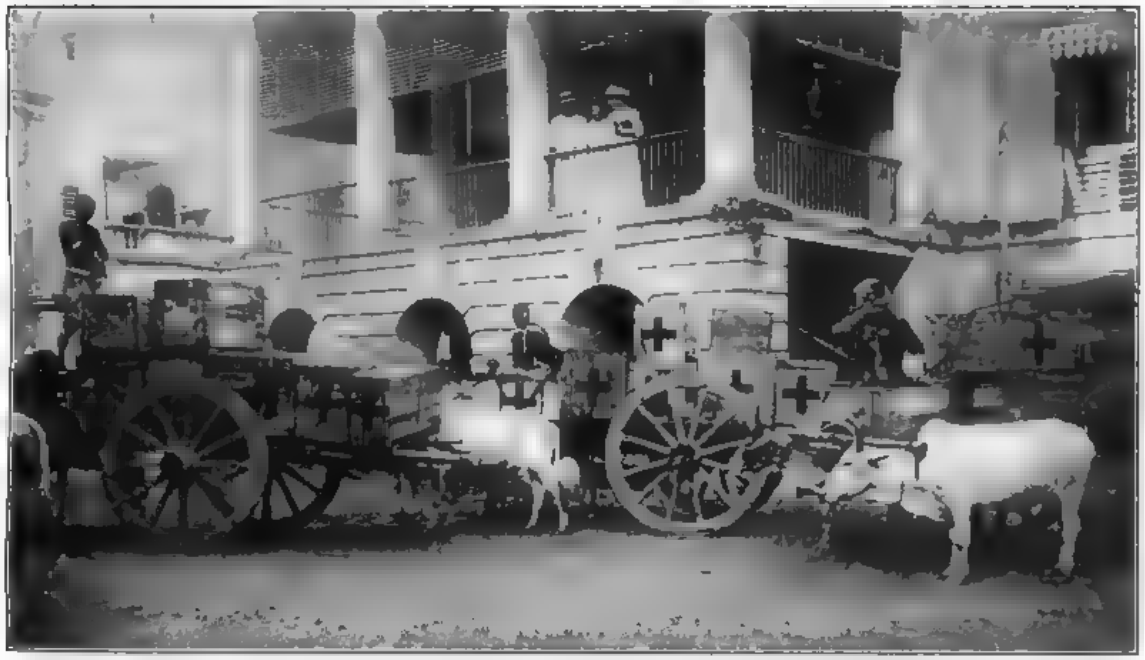

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

INDIA'S RED CROSS STARTING SUPPLIES

In India, Burma, and "the East," Colonial subjects of Great Britain have evolved a splendid war-relief organization, with the St. John Ambulance Association as the foundation. The Viceroy and Governor General of India is its president

Photograph by Pach Photo News

OPEN-AIR OPERA FOR THE WOUNDED

French and Canadian convalescents, including many who are bed-ridden, are enabled to hear the best opera singers at St. Cloud. In front of this interesting audience is a platform for the singers, with a large sound projector behind it

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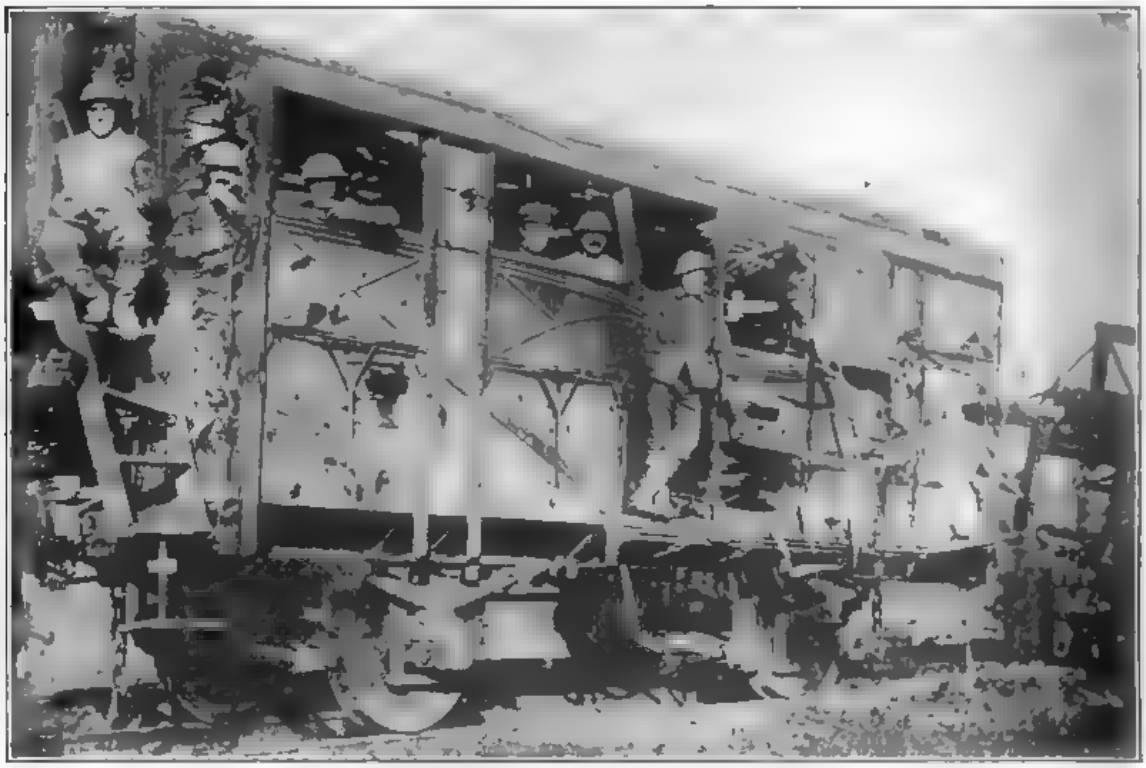
THE GERMANS DO AS THE RUSSIANS DO

To promote efficiency in medical and surgical relief, the Germans do not hesitate to copy where necessary. This is a German Red Cross headquarters tent on the order of that used by the Russians, somewhere on the northeastern front



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

HOW SHRAPNEL FIRE CAN TEAR

British "Tommies" having a lark in and around what may be called without exaggeration "a shell-battered" car. The photographer's story is that a dozen men rode in this vehicle as it now appears while being raked by enemy fire

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Photograph by Sport and General Press

BRITISH SOLDIERS SCARRED BUT HAPPY

This is a type of Red Cross train in use in Continental Europe. Due in part to a sense of duty performed, the wounded fighting men of the different nations are said to experience thrills of joy over the prospect of a long stay "back home"

A CORNER IN THE AMERICAN RELIEF CLEARING HOUSE

This all-American war-relief agency has relieved much suffering in France. Its system of information as to needs and distribution of hospital supplies covers France like a network. General headquarters are in Paris. The Clearing House officially represents the American Red Cross

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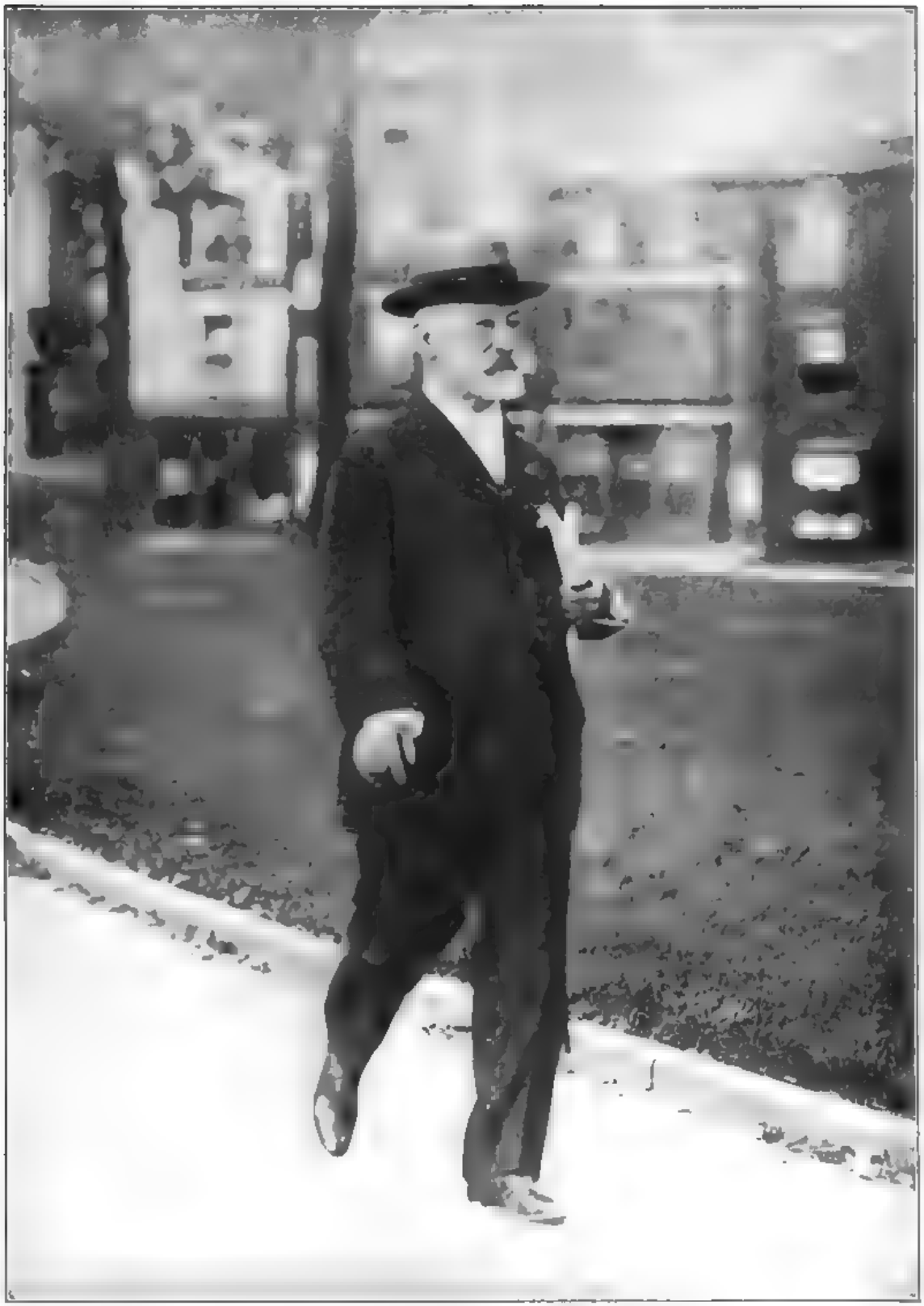

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MR JACOB H SCHIFF

The breadth and depth of Mr Schiff's philanthropy have been attested many times It was never more strikingly illustrated than by a gift of $100,000 which he gave to the Red Cross for European war-relief work, in celebration of his seventieth birthday, on January 10, 1917 (See editorial opposite page)

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EDITORIALS

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IN JANUARY

THE opening of the year found work being actively pushed on the base hospitals and equipments; the organization of new local chapters, with their local relief activities, was energetically carried forward. A large portion of the Mexican border was inspected, the result of field observations being used in further standardizing base hospital equipments and strengthening their practical usefulness.

Large sums of money were sent abroad during January, with some remittances of special interest. Twenty thousand dollars were sent to the Clearing House in Rome for civilian relief (support for families of soldiers at the front is often sharply meagre). In response to an urgent telegram, five thousand dollars were sent to Eastern Rumania to help refugees who were driven out by the advancing armies. Five thousand dollars went into Bulgaria for civilian relief. Other and larger sums were sent to France and to Russia.

These were in cash. Even more was spent on shipments. Nearly a thousand packages were forwarded on fourteen different steamers; on some were hundreds and on others only a few cases.

These shipments went to seven different countries. There would have been more on the list if it had been possible to reach the countries of the Central Powers.

RED CROSS SHIPMENTS DURING JANUARY, 1917

Country	*Steamship*	*Date of Sailing*
Belgium	La Touraine	January 27
"	"	" 27
England	Lapland	" 6
"	Celtic	" 18
"	Baltic	" 25
"	Saxonia	" 29
"	Philadelphia	" 27
France	Chicago	" 17
"	La Touraine	" 27
"	"	" 27
"	"	" 27
Italy	Toarmina	" 18
"	Cretic	" 30
Rumania	Vologda	" 16
Russia	"	" 29
"	Albatross	" 30
"	Tweeddale	" 30
Serbia	Fenchurch	" 20

AN INTELLIGENT GIVER

IN 1901, E. H. Harriman and J. J. Hill were fighting for control of the Northern Pacific Railway. One morning in May, Northern Pacific common stock jumped to $1,000 a share on the New York Stock Exchange. On that same morning, Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, the head of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, the bankers who were financing the Harriman interests, could not be found anywhere. It turned out that he had been attending the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Mount Sinai Hospital.

This story is typical of Mr. Schiff. He has always paid as much attention to the giving away of his funds as he has to making these funds. Without any heralding or advertising, Mr. Schiff quietly studies the subjects of his philanthropy and then intelligently gives an adequate sum in exactly the right place to best help the charity. No organization knows this better than the American Red Cross. When some new branch has been organized and has been liable to die from lack of sustenance, Mr. Schiff has stepped in not only with the aid, but with exactly the right amount of aid, given in the most intelligent way.

In 1905, when what is now the New York Chapter of the American Red Cross was formed, Mr. Schiff became treasurer, which position he has held ever since. His advice and services have always been at the disposal of the local chapter, and he is always one of the first supporters of any new need it may have.

More than that, however, he has been one of the chief supporters of the National Red Cross. A review of his gifts would show a keen insight to its actual needs. For, for instance, besides giving $100,000 to the general endowment fund of the Red Cross and his most recent gift of $100,000 for the war-relief in Europe, Mr. Schiff has given such things as $5,000 toward the establishment of the Town and Country Nursing Service; and then, a little later, on finding that many nurses had financial difficulty in taking the course, he added a loan fund of $5,000, to help them out.

Every catastrophe finds Mr. Schiff a willing and intelligent helper and the American Red Cross and the American people have many reasons to heartily thank him both for his generosity and for the aid he has given.

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YOUR RED CROSS

THE Red Cross is the great official organization through which volunteer relief service is rendered to the Army and Navy in time of war. It is the only organization so designated by the Government, so acting under a charter from the Government. The very act of its incorporation passed by Congress prescribed that its Central Committee shall have upon it representatives from the Army and Navy, and the President of the United States is its official head. You, as members of the Red Cross, may aid it substantially in all its undertakings to relieve the sick and wounded. In its relief measures in peace-times, helping in flood, in famine, in pestilence, in devastating fires; in finding shelter for the homeless; in caring for the injured—it can make no official call upon you as citizens. It then appeals solely to humanitarian instincts and the sentiment of interest in our fellowmen.

But in time of war or in a time like this, with the possibility of war impending, a call to you is a call to citizens, is a call to you to help yourselves, to help support the great measures that may save the lives of those in your own family or among your own kindred. The Red Cross instantly becomes a practical war-organization. It is a volunteer army! Some volunteer to go into the base hospitals to help the nurses and to be assistants. Some volunteer for ambulance service. Surgeons, physicians, sanitarians, make themselves available. Others roll bandages, pack boxes. Still others can help practically by increasing their actual contributions to the Red Cross, by continuing their memberships, by bringing in new members.

LIFE'S BABIES IN FRANCE

SOME TIME ago, Mr. Metcalfe, of the editorial staff of *Life*, chanced upon a circular of the Orphelinat des Armées, which told of a plan whereby for $73, a French baby whose father had been killed in the Great War could be left with its dependent mother for two years, rather than be committed to a public institution. Under the administrative direction of the Paris office of "The Fatherless Children of France," which succeeded to the work of the Orphelinat, 365 francs is forwarded in quarterly instalments to each beneficiary, an equivalent to ten cents a day for the child. *Life's* active campaign in the interest of this plan recently had garnered $50,000—enough to keep about 685 fatherless little tots with their mothers or relatives for two years. The fund has doubtless grown considerably above that.

Through the coöperation of the French postal authorities, it is seen to that each child is cared for by its mother, for the postman is instructed not to deliver an instalment for a child if the youngster is not with its mother and at a specified address. This, we think, is a novel and excellent precaution in the interest of the babies. Fifty-two societies are aiding the bureau of "The Fatherless Children of France" in this practical humanitarian scheme.

Life's voluntary activity in behalf of the fatherless little girls and boys of France is praiseworthy to a high degree.

FOR 1,000,000 MEMBERS

AT THIS time of national trial, when every one is keyed to a spirit of particular sacrifice and desire to help, I cannot insist too strongly nor too often that the Red Cross is the only volunteer relief organization recognized by the United States Government. Now is a time when we must unify our national efforts and guard, above all, against duplication of work in any vital field.

Numbers of self-sacrificing persons during the last two years have given all their time and enthusiasm to specialized relief. We have had to be neutral, to lessen suffering wherever we have found it. We could do nothing else if we were true to the spirit of our founders. Others have preferred through keen sympathy to work for special national relief funds, and to make special forms of dressings and bandages for surgeons of this or that particular country. The work of these persons has been one of the sustaining inspirations of American life.

But now the conditions are all changed. It is the United States itself that may need our organized assistance. We do not know at what minute this country may demand our uttermost resources. There is no possibility of divided sympathy. And our Government has made it plain beyond the chance of doubt that where America is suffering, or in danger of suffering, the American Red Cross must bear the burden of national relief and command the loyal and devoted help of the entire country.

We are ready now to provide personnel to care for the sick and wounded of an army of 1,000,000 men, and to bring instant relief to the dependent families of volunteers. Our surgical dressings we have standardized to meet the special needs of the United States Army. In one year we have added to our rolls more than a quarter of a million members. To-day we need a million new members at once. The time has come when we must ask and obtain the undivided support of patriotic Americans everywhere.

ELIOT WADSWORTH.

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YOU WHO WALK

THE RECKLESS AND FOOLISH PEDESTRIAN—THE TOLL OF THE STREETS—SAFETY FIRST—HELPING THE WALKER

BY

ARTHUR WOODS

(POLICE COMMISSIONER OF NEW YORK CITY)

Scene in Traffic Court Three policemen sitting in front seats holding whispered conversation as they are about to be called as witnesses

JUDGE to prisoner arraigned before him charged with reckless driving: "The sentence of the Court is ten days in jail."

First policeman: "He's lucky. Got off easy for such a rotten driver!"

Second policeman: "How 'bout the party that made the holler? He ought to get soaked, cell to cell, along with the driver. Even 'Pop' Geers with a horse, and De Palma with a car couldn't duck some guys, if they tried!"

Third policeman: "A jay walker can do anything. He's always gettin' in the way, but there's no law against pedestrians."

Clerk of the Court: "People 'gainst Applegait—Patrolman Smith to the Bar."

First policeman, rising and sticking his notes in his cap: "That's me," he said to his brother officers, and, as he goes to take stand, he adds:

"Bill, you said it. Put the law on both of them!"

Those policemen were not far wrong in their judgment. We walkers do not know what an extraordinary sight we are to the man on post. While our intentions may be perfectly good, many of us do not live up to them or forget them entirely. We get in the way of each other. We walk in the way of vehicles, and if we get in a jam and are delayed a fraction of a minute, we are only too eager to blame the policeman who is trying to straighten out the

Photograph by Brown Bros

WHY RISK YOUR LIFE TO SAVE FIVE SECONDS?

Careless pedestrians invite a tragic death in the streets of New York thousands of times a day Without heeding the "stop" and "go" signals of the traffic policemen, they persist in walking obliquely through a jam of vehicles, and contribute to the causes of more than 23,000 accidents a year

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trouble. He is the object of all outbursts of feeling, pleasant or unpleasant, from both drivers and pedestrians. But, fortunately, he has retained a sense of humor. Before his eyes is daily enacted better comedy than is seen on the stage.

I recall the adventure of two ladies who stopped in the middle of crowded Broadway to greet each other, and to start a conversation. Traffic came to a standstill. Policemen waved these women to move on. From drivers of vehicles came jibes and jeers. But all this was lost upon the two conversationalists who might have been there yet had not a hungry horse reached over and taken a bite of the artificial flowers from the millinery masterpiece nearest him. This broke the blockade, and put everybody in good humor except the owner of the hat, who turned upon the policeman and accused him of lack of attention in permitting the horse to ruin her bonnet.

"CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE" WATCH THE OFFICER'S SIGNALS

One hot day last summer, a street sprinkling cart of the Department of Street Cleaning was slowly making its way down Broadway between 27th and 28th Streets, with heavy traffic in front and behind it, when an excitable foreigner started to cross the street diagonally. A policeman reached for him but he broke away and disappeared on the run in the maze of passing traffic. The policeman could not leave his post to follow him, but a roar from the sidewalks and from the men in the drivers' seats told the fate of the reckless one. He had dodged from beneath the wheels of a heavy automobile only to fall into the wash from the sprinkling cart, where he was well drenched before he could get to his feet and reach the sidewalk. This man went back to the traffic officer and appealed to him to arrest the driver of the sprinkling cart who had ruined his clothes.

FIFTH AVENUE ON A WEEK DAY

In the shopping district on Fifth Avenue, one day, a big policeman, who guarded the crossing in front of a large department store, had just closed the crosstown traffic and opened up that going north and south when he felt something hit the back of his arm as he pointed down the avenue, and from the corner of his eye he saw a smartly gowned woman. Notwithstanding her pressure to get past him, the officer held her motionless with the back of his arm until the north and south traffic had subsided, then blew his whistle to start the east and west moving, dropped his arm and said, "Now, madam, you may cross."

"Umph!" indignantly declared the lady; "any one can cross now," and swept majestically by without even thanking him for probably saving her life.

At Broadway and 23rd Street recently two quite stout women attempted to break through the line of heavy traffic to get to the western curb, became entangled in the maze of vehicles,

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CHILDREN SUFFER MOST, THROUGH HEEDLESSNESS

were then confused and ran hysterically south, hitting the traffic policeman whose attention had been attracted in another direction, bowling him to the ground. When the policeman finally got to his feet and had assisted the two women to theirs, they demanded to know why he had been so rough!

No one realizes the variety of questions and kinds of information asked of a policeman in the course of his eight-hour tour duty. To all he must give a polite answer and every assistance within his power and opportunity. Some of these questions tax his patience, few embarrass him. He always has a quick, ready reply, even if circumstances aggravate matters.

A woman writer from the West, on making her first visit to the city, took the subway downtown on her way to the office of a publisher. She was behind time for her appointment and came to the street surface confused and not knowing east or west. Then, spying a traffic officer on the crossing, she made for him without thought of consequences. She told me afterward that in her anxiety she did not realize she had run through two lines of heavy, swift-moving vehicles. Breathlessly, she pounced upon the officer and shouted wildly in his ear:

"Where's ——'s?"

"The policeman was mad clear through. He did not even look at me," she said, "but, pulling me almost from under the wheels of a motor truck, he held me still until the stream of traffic was exhausted; then, without a word, led me to the sidewalk and sternly said:

"'Why do all you girls want to work when there are so many unmarried men willing to work for you? You're about the tenth young woman to-day who has asked me where this same printing shop is. If you simply have got to work, it's right over there, four blocks east. But say, take your time, go slow, think it over.'"

Referring to the present campaign against street accidents, a far western newspaper recently said the New York City police were advertising "to restrain a dangerous band now loose upon the public highway." It referred to both drivers and pedestrians. Much as we may dislike the allusion, it comes pretty near being true. To carry it further, I might add that the members of this band are reckless and a menace to society; that the police are not only looking for them but have placarded the town with warnings about them, using newspapers, schools, moving pictures, shop windows, trains, stations, billboards, handbills, and pamphlets. Mounted men, traffic policemen, patrolmen, motorcycle and bicycle policemen have been devoting the better part of their time for the last three years to following this band in an effort to save the members from themselves. Yet, despite all this, 23,500 per-

CROSS STREETS AT CROSSINGS ONLY

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sons were injured on the streets of New York last year and 624 killed.

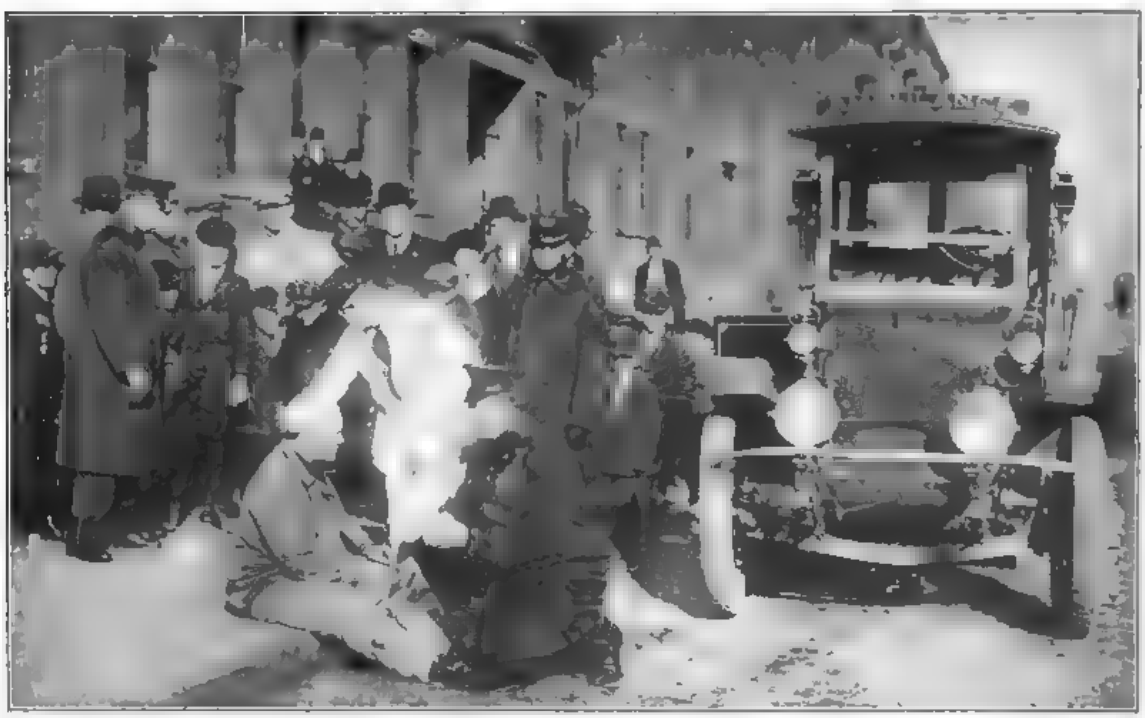
This band is not composed of Rogues' Gallery criminals, but of ordinary, every day, peaceful citizens who are guilty of careless walking and driving, or are children playing in the city streets. Some have called it "jay" walking. But whether "jay" walkers or reckless walkers, they are just as much to blame as reckless drivers, and in this educational campaign the policemen are playing no favorites. They are addressing themselves to walkers, as well as to drivers; to street car men and to passengers; to the bread winner who goes to work early and comes home late; to the small boy who plays in the street; and to the men and women who have the means to ride in motor cars or horse-drawn vehicles. If the pedestrians, who go to make up the great majority of this reckless band loose upon the city streets, would only exercise proper caution, the policemen whose duty it is to regulate traffic would have more time to attend to the driver of vehicles, and the number of accidents would soon begin to decrease.

"Don't run across streets through heavy traffic. The busiest man I know wastes at least twenty minutes a day. Why risk your life to save five seconds to cross the street?"

That paragraph is the first warning in the police safety booklet which any policeman in the city will hand you upon request. How many times have you seen men or women clutch each other and make a wild plunge through fast moving traffic at the risk of their lives? One naturally thinks, upon seeing such antics, that at least there is an emergency —that the rushing pair certainly are speeding on a mission of grave concern. But see! Once across, what do they do at the first window they pass? Lazily, and as though they had all the time in the world, they stop and gaze at something which has attracted their curiosity and they will probably spend from five to ten minutes standing there in idle comment.

"Cross streets at crossings only. Watch for the policeman's signal. He is always willing to help you."

This is another chapter in the police safety booklet. Passing north or south on any of the big avenues of the city in the early morning or evening, when lofts, factories, and office buildings are emptying the toilers into the city streets, what do you see? Policemen on street crossings, hard pressed to keep both vehicular and foot traffic in line and awaiting their signal, drivers of vehicles for the most part patiently obeying, yet the pedestrians are swarming across the streets, utterly oblivious to warning and advice. Watch these people as they come in groups of six, ten, and a dozen and more



NEVER JUMP OFF A MOVING CAR

And when you do get off, look out for moving traffic Stand still if you get caught among vehicles. It may save your life Do not attempt to cross a street with a bundle or umbrella over your head, or reading a newspaper. They hide approaching traffic

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They are laughing, chatting, scolding, arguing, some reading newspapers, all unconscious of the danger bearing rapidly down upon them. Horns honk their warnings, the groups scream and scatter, and where they go and how they escape is a mystery. One cause of many accidents is the habit of peddlers, messengers and bearers of burdens attempting to cross streets with bundles or boxes on their shoulders, or over their heads, in such a way as to obstruct their view of oncoming vehicles.

How many times have you witnessed pedestrians walking up or down the middle of an avenue, between lines of traffic moving in opposite directions, watching for an opportunity to break through and gain the opposite curb? This may be good practice for football players, but it is no pastime for men, women, or children who have no desire to maim or kill themselves.

Even traffic policemen of long experience and training, well-poised, and accustomed to the whirl of swift moving heavy traffic around them, are not immune to these accidents. Patrolman Lehane, traffic officer on Fourth Avenue between Eighth and Ninth Streets, not very long ago was struck by a surface car, knocked against another one passing in the opposite direction and instantly killed. There was Patrolman Shea, West Broadway and Canal Street, who, about a year ago, was knocked down by a truck and badly injured, but who reported back for duty again, only to die a few weeks later.

An unusual case in our casualty list was that of Patrolman Boettger of Traffic "D," who, one noon day, while escorting school children across Bedford Avenue at Lafayette Street, saw a runaway horse coming down the avenue directly upon his flock. The patrolman got his charges safely out of the way, jumped on his horse and started in pursuit. After a chase of several blocks, an automobile struck his mount, throwing the rider to the roadway and fracturing his skull. Nevertheless, the officer remounted, took up the pursuit and with the aid of another officer stopped the runaway, Boettger lapsing into unconsciousness as the stop was made. He was taken to the hospital where he underwent a serious operation. His first words after becoming conscious were, "Have you got 'em?" To-day this officer is on regular duty wearing a silver plate on the top of his head.

No less remarkable a case is that of Patrolman Burke also of Traffic "D." This officer has been badly injured four times and is still on duty—first in catching an unbridled horse by the nostrils as he was running toward a sidewalk crowded with pedestrians during the holiday time, swerving him from his course, and throwing him, although at the same time thrown himself, against an elevated pillar. In stopping another runaway horse at a school

PLAYGROUNDS REDUCE THE NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS

One person is injured in New York every 23 minutes, and one is killed every 14 hours. Guarded play streets and playgrounds in tenement courts help to keep the children out of danger. But last year most of the 659 persons killed outright in New York were children and infirm old people

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crossing, this officer was dragged seventy-five feet and sustained a fracture of the left ankle. A trolley car gave him his third injury while regulating traffic at a heavy crossing in Brooklyn. In this case his spine was injured. The fourth shake-up came in stopping a runaway horse on Broadway which had been left unattended on the curb, and which dragged the officer nearly a block before he was stopped.

One of the most peculiar accidents was that which happened to a traffic officer at Wallabout Market. A heavy truck backed down on him, while he was guarding pedestrian traffic, fractured the knuckle of the index finger of his right hand so that he lost it afterward in an operation.

Elderly and feeble persons and children suffer the heaviest toll of deaths and injuries; children, because they are the most reckless, old folks because of their infirmities. In 1916, out of the 23,500 persons injured and 624 killed in the streets of New York, two thousand of the injured and eighty-five of the killed were children under six years of age.

Children meet with these accidents in various ways: hitching on backs of wagons or street cars, roller skating in the roadway, sliding on pushmobiles in the roadway, daring each other to run across the street in front of moving vehicles, engaging in street fights and riding bicycles in heavy traffic streets. All of these things are dangerous in traffic such as we have here in New York, but children must play, and their parents must work or are too busy with household responsibilities to constantly watch them. Thousands of children have no other place to play than in the streets.

To protect them in traffic the police have devised various methods. They have caused to be set aside, during certain hours of the day, certain streets where traffic is forbidden to enter save on urgent business. Play leaders are appointed to teach them games and attract them to these areas. Policemen are detailed to watch over them, but even this is not enough to keep these little bundles of energy out of danger, and with the coöperation of the property holders and tenants, I have recently advocated another measure of relief.

The park area of this city is unevenly distributed. In districts where there is comparatively little need of parks, there seems to be plenty of them; but in the congested districts there is a total inadequate park or playground space. As an example: South of 14th Street, 15 per cent. of the population of Greater New York reside, yet in that same section there is only one ninth of one per cent. of the total park area of the city.

In these heavily populated districts, however, there are many acres of unused back-yards chopped up into little plots by high board fences used by few except washerwomen and street cats. About a year ago the Police Department tried to interest property holders in developing these back-yards into playgrounds and the response is encouraging. There are already fifteen such back-yard playgrounds in active operation, containing from one to four yards, each, for use only by the children of people living in the buildings which back on them, so that instead of detracting from the desirability of the tenements, these interior court playgrounds have brought families into the buildings, because they know that their children will have a chance to play without being knocked down by vehicles. On account of the limited number of children in each yard, no disturbance is made and no objections have been voiced on account of noise or nuisance. One interesting result of these playgrounds has been that children who have a chance to play there no longer destroy the property within the tenement houses as they formerly did. They get rid of their animal spirits in play and exercise in the out-door yards, instead of releasing this pent-up energy in disfiguring walls and wood work.

We believe that through educational work in using methods as referred to above, we can handle the children, keep them out of thick traffic and in comparative safety from street accidents; but what are we going to do with you grown-ups? How are we going to protect you from your own carelessness and recklessness? Sidewalks are unquestionably for you who walk, the pavement for those who drive, and each should be kept clear of the other. The two streams of traffic should not meet save at crossings. If pedestrians keep off the roadway between blocks, vehicles can properly be required to yield the right of way to pedestrians at all crossings. This seems to me to be one of the essential principles on which to base further traffic regulations. At least such is the case here in New York, where our population is increasing so rapidly, and, with the population increase considered, congestion is keeping pace. For self-protection to both drivers and pedestrians, there must be a proper regulation of this street traffic where the lives of each will be preserved and the city streets a more comfortable and pleasing place for business, recreation and pleasure. This is preventive police work; and street accident prevention, a new study of modern times, is fully as important as crime prevention, which has been the duty of the police since laws were first laid down.

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THE TREATMENT OF SPECIAL WOUNDS AND BITES

BY

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

(Formerly of the editorial staffs of Collier's Weekly and The Literary Digest; author of "A Little Book of the Scotch Lakes," and travel and scientific articles.)

(The value of knowing how to give first aid treatment to an injured fellow-being or to yourself does not have to be explained to any thinking person. The lack of this knowledge on your part might result in a child of yours or some other person who is dear to you bleeding to death, or contracting lockjaw and dying a horrible death, or succumbing to a snake bite, when the proper precautionary move, pending the arrival of the doctor, would forestall death in most instances. THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE began in the December, 1916, number a series of authoritative articles outlining the Red Cross courses in first aid which are being given to classes in many parts of the United States. Each article gives specific instruction in language the layman can understand covering a subject or several subjects. Next month Mr. Cushing will treat of life-saving and care of the drowning. Information about and prices of American Red Cross First Aid Text Books for general, home or special use; first aid boxes packed with a variety of ready-to-use materials, etc., may be obtained by writing the First Aid Division, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.—THE EDITORS.)

RATHER grim, this list of topics—"abdominal wounds, snake bites, eye wounds, dog and cat bites, lockjaw, stings and bites of insects and spiders, wounds where bleeding is severe." If sensitive readers can not forbear to shudder at the prospect, the writer knows just how they feel. He felt the same way himself when the time approached for his interview with the Red Cross surgeon who is the source of information for these articles. But as the interview progressed the reporter experienced a decided change of sentiment. His repugnance turned into admiration for the mechanism of the human machine and into wonder at some of the achievements of modern medical science.

"The last time we got together," the surgeon was saying, "I told you that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred all that is necessary to stop a wound from bleeding is exposure to the air or the pressure of the dressing applied. Knowing this, don't become alarmed at the sight of blood. Don't become flustered and hurried. If the pressure of the wound dressing does not check the flow, check it yourself with a tourniquet.

"Now a tourniquet, as I told you last month, is simply a band or a strap of any material that happens to be convenient (a bandage cloth, a necktie, a handkerchief, a towel) twisted tightly enough to press hard on a pad and stop the vein or artery underneath it from flowing into the wound. The pad may be a stone, a cork, a watch—anything solid and of convenient size—wrapped up in cloth or paper to prevent it from bruising the skin. The principle is simple: set your heel on a garden hose and you stop the flow of water from the nozzle.

"Any doctor or any nurse can show you in half a minute or less how to apply a tourniquet. Or, for that matter, consult any up to date policeman. The patrolman's club and its buckskin thong have many a time done tourniquet duty while the ambulance surgeons were on the way.

"First of all, the student must learn the location of the courses of the arteries and the best pressure points at which to apply the tourniquet's pad. It is as if you had to mend a leak in a garden hose without shutting off the faucet. If you stepped on the hose at a point *beyond* where the leak occurred, the water would keep right on spouting. You have to shut off the flow at a place between the leak and the pumping station. Now the heart is a pump, a wonderful little double-sided affair (two-cylinder, if you prefer) no bigger than your fist, but pulsating on an average of seventy-two times a minute and driving the blood at a lively rate to the very extremes of your body. The left side of the engine drives the supply to the greater part of the body; the right side supplies the lungs.

"A plate in the Red Cross First Aid Text Book shows the location of the arteries and the pressure points. The left side of our pumping engine drives the blood *away* from the heart along these courses—as you will see, across the collar bone and down the inside of the arm in a line almost paralleling the seam of a man's coat sleeve, up a line on each side of the neck to the temples, down a line inside the thigh and the calf of the leg, again almost following the seam the tailor puts in the clothing. Is this difficult to remember? As for the pressure points, they are simply convenient spots along

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these lines to apply the tourniquet's local pressure, as, for example at the bend of the elbows, at the temples, or back of the knee."

There are two ways, the surgeon pointed out, to tell when the wound we are dealing with has severed an artery. One is by the bright red color of arterial blood, and another by the fact that the flow from an artery is in spurts and pulsations, not in a steady stream. And note here, he adds, an important and admirably concise paragraph from the text book: "All efforts to stop bleeding have as their object clotting of the blood so that the clots will plug the bleeding vessels. Therefore we must know the best way to help the clots to form. In order to clot, blood must be at comparative rest. A spouting stream of blood will never clot. This is one reason why bleeding from arteries is particularly dangerous. As soon as we stop the bleeding the blood begins to clot but not before. Any foreign material, especially if it has many points on which clots may form, will help in the formation of clots. Surgical gauze is a good example. Cobwebs are also, and they were much used even by surgeons before the danger of dirt in a wound was so well understood."

(*Note:* the surgeon warns us not to misread this final sentence. It emphatically does not approve of the use of cobwebs.)

Just as the pipes of a waterworks system diminish in size as they divide and branch off from a main, the arteries "as they go further and further from the heart"—the surgeon was pointing out a passage in the text book—"become smaller and thinner-walled till they finally end in still smaller vessels called capillaries, from the Latin word meaning hair. The capillaries form a delicate network of vessels everywhere, and give the rosy color to the skin. . . . Naturally, on account of the minute size of these vessels, bleeding from them, except from a very large surface, is not dangerous to life. Capillaries branch so freely that pressure used to check capillary bleeding, to be effective, must be made on the bleeding point. The blood lost from capillaries is no longer bright red in color like that from the arteries, but is somewhat darker."

The darkest blood of all, a bluish red, is that which after passage through the capillaries returns toward the heart through the veins. The flow from a cut vein is steady, not in spurts; and as its course is toward the heart, pressure to stop it must be placed upon the vein on the side away from the heart.

"I do not care to dwell too long on the details of giving first aid in the kind of case which occurs so rarely as does this of severe bleeding," the surgeon continued. "But as a matter of

Photograph by E. R. Sanborn, N. Y. Zoological Soc.

SCARIFYING A SNAKE BITE WITH A SCALPEL

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education we all ought to know, in a general way, enough about the blood system to learn to respect it and to know what to do in an emergency. Often enough the most difficult thing the first aider has to do is to keep his own self control and not allow the sight of blood to fluster him. Remember three duties: 1. Send for a doctor. 2. Check the bleeding. 3. Make the patient as comfortable as possible. Next to a warning not to leave a tourniquet on any longer than is necessary, the most useful hints on treatment are summed up in a paragraph from the text-book. It runs:

"Put the injured person in such a position that he will be least affected by the loss of blood. This is lying down with the head so low that the brain will get as much blood as possible. Do nothing which will increase bleeding. Violent movements must be prevented. When once the bleeding has ceased the injured person should remain quiet, as any movement may dislodge the clot and start it again. See that the patient gets plenty of good air, cover him warmly and put hot bottles around him if they can be obtained. Naturally, stimulants increase the force of the heart, so they are undesirable; but sometimes the injured person becomes so weak that it is absolutely necessary to give them to prevent him from dying. Whenever possible, always avoid doing so until the bleeding has been checked by some mechanical means. One-half teaspoonful of spirits of ammonia in a tablespoonful of water or a tablespoonful of whisky are good stimulants.

"When a patient is in a state of collapse from loss of blood his death may often be prevented by forcing the blood into the body from the limbs. This is done by raising the feet and bandaging the arms from the tips of the fingers to the armpits."

As a jog to memory, the surgeon skimmed rapidly over the headings in two chapters of the text book that deal with wounds.

"We have discussed how to treat ordinary wounds and wounds where bleeding is severe," he remarked. "Before we leave the subject a few words should be added about some special wounds.

"Most wounds are no worse for exposure to the air, but beware of that when the delicate structures of the contents of the abdomen are exposed. Such a wound must not be allowed to become dry or the result may be fatal. Cover the wound with a clean cloth kept constantly moistened with a weak solution of salt and water—and if possible have the water boiled. Take every precaution to prevent infection.

"Concerning eye wounds which are severe enough to require the assistance of a doctor, the best thing the first aider can do while the professional is on the way is to lessen the inflammation by binding both eyes with soft cloths soaked in cool water. A drop of castor oil or olive oil is soothing.

"The text book devotes several paragraphs to the treatment of poisonous snake bites. This is not, however, on the ground that such injuries are generally common, for they aren't. Briefly, the treatment is this: First, twist a string or bandage tightly enough above the wound to shut off the poisoned blood from circulating through the body. Then 'milk' or suck the wound to extract as much of the poison as possible. There is no danger in this latter process unless your mouth is cut or bruised. Then burn the place with a hot iron or cauterize it with ammonia. Administer stimulants as required. If you are close enough to New York City to be able to get delivery in short order, telegraph to the curator of the New York Zoo for a snake bite serum, not omitting to state, of course, what kind of snake bit you. The story of those serums is a picturesque chapter in the romance of science. . . .

"The treatment for a dog or cat bite is the same as for a snake bite—tie it off, squeeze the wound to make it bleed and then cauterize it. Don't lose any time about consulting a doctor if you suspect that the biting animal is rabid. Hydrophobia is preventable but not curable.

"The same holds for tetanus or 'lockjaw.' The annual number of deaths in the United States from this cause has decreased tremendously, particularly since the nation took to celebrating the Fourth of July in saner fashion, but the few persons who *do* get lockjaw to-day rarely recover. We know what the germ of tetanus looks like and where it comes from—this by reason of the fact that science has had practically everything in the world under the microscope. Though we cannot handle tetanus successfully once it gets the start on us, we can forestall it. Now-a-days as soon as a soldier is received at a dressing station after being wounded, he is given a prophylactic dose of anti-tetanic serum, which usually does the trick for him.

"Little is to be feared from the stings and bites of insects and spiders. They may cause much pain, but rarely are they dangerous. Apply ammonia, and after that cool, wet dressings. If no ammonia is handy, wet salt or wet earth are good. The text book recommends cloths 'wet with water in which a few drops of carbolic acid have been thoroughly mixed.'"

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A SONG OF THE SANDBAGS*

BY

ROBERT W. SERVICE

(Author of the "Spell of the Yukon," "Ballads of a Cheechako," etc.)

No, Bill, I'm not a-spooning out no patriotic tosh
(The cove be'ind the sandbags ain't a death-or-glory cuss).
And though I strafes 'em good and 'ard I doesn't 'ate the Boche,
I guess they're mostly decent, just the same as most of us.
I guess they loves their 'omes and kids as much as you or me;
And just the same as you or me they'd rather shake than fight;
And if we'd 'appened to be born at Berlin-on-the-Spree,
We'd be out there with 'Ans and Fritz, dead sure that we was right.

A-standin' up to the sandbags
It's funny the thoughts wot come;
Starin' into the darkness,
'Earin' the bullets 'um;
(*Zing! Zip! Ping! Rip!*
'Ark 'ow the bullets 'um!)
A-leanin' against the sandbags
Wiv me rifle under me ear,
Oh, I've 'ad more thoughts on a sentry-go
Than I used to 'ave in a year.

I wonder, Bill, if 'Ans and Fritz is wonderin' like me
Wot's at the bottom of it all? Wot all the slaughter's for?
'E thinks 'e's right (of course 'e ain't) but this we both agree,
If them as made it 'ad to fight there wouldn't be no war.
If them as lies in feather beds while we kips in the mud;
If them as makes their fortoons while we fights for 'em like 'ell;
If them as slings their pot of ink just 'ad to sling their blood;
By Crust! I'm thinkin' there 'ud be another tale to tell.

Shiverin' up to the sandbags,
With a hicicle 'stead of a spine,
Don't it seem funny the things you think
'Ere in the firin' line:
(*Whee! Whut! Zip! Zut!*
Lord! 'Ow the bullets whine!)
Hunkerin' down when a star-shell
Cracks in a sputter of light,
You can jaw to yer soul by the sandbags
Most any old time o' night.

They talks o' England's glory and a-'oldin' of our trade,
Of Empire and 'igh destiny until we're fair flimflammed;
But if it's for the likes o' that that bloody war is made,
Then wot I say is: Empire and 'igh destiny be damned!
There's only one good cause, Bill, for poor blokes like us to fight:
That's self-defence, for 'earth and 'ome, and them that bears our name;
And that's wot I'm a-doin' by the sandbags 'ere to-night. . . .
But Fritz out there will tell you 'e's a-doin' of the same.

Starin' over the sandbags,
Sick of the 'ole damn thing;
Firin' to keep meself awake,
'Earin' the bullets sing.
(*Hiss! Twang! Tsing! Pang!*
Saucy the bullets sing.)
Dreamin' 'ere by the sandbags
Of a day when war will cease,
When 'Ans and Fritz and Bill and me
Will clink our mugs in fraternity,
And the Brotherhood of Labour will be
The Brotherhood of Peace.

*From "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," by Robert W. Service, published and copyrighted by Barse & Hopkins, New York.

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